

GLOBAL FREQUENCY
10
SUPERVIOLENCE
22pp
WARREN ELIS

PAGE ONE

Pic 1;

OPEN ON; ALEPH, in GF Central, looking at a screen that shows MIRANDA ZERO on videophone. Miranda is closing her eyes and rubbing her forehead in tired irritation.

ALEPH; LIONEL WELFARE IS WORKING AGAIN, MS ZERO.

MIRANDA (ON SCREEN; WHY WON'T THAT BASTARD JUST DIE?

TITLES; "SUPERVIOLENCE"

Pic 2;

CUT T0; Miranda Zero, sitting at a street café table somewhere, in the sunshine, her GF phone propped up against the menu card – it's this she's speaking to Aleph on, videophone-mode. A waiter lowers a flute of champagne to her table.

MIRANDA; DETAILS.

FROM PHONE; HE'S GOT MONEY IN HIS ACCOUNT AND A LOCATION
- IN AMERICA - ON HIS SECURE SERVER. AND A
DATE.

FROM PHONE; HE'S WORKING AGAIN AND WE HAVE HIS TARGET.

Pic 3;

CUT T0; ALEPH, looking up at a map of Texas on one of the big screens surrounding her, lighting herself a cigarette as she goes.

FROM SCREEN; WHERE'S HE HEADED?

ALEPH; US GOVERNMENT BIOTECH OPERATION IN TEXAS.
SMALL-TIME, SPECIFIC RESEARCH. THREE SHIFTS
OF RESEARCH TEAMS, THOUGH.

FROM SCREEN; SO NO MATTER WHEN HE TURNS UP, THERE'LL BE
SOMEONE TO KILL.

ALEPH; YEAH.

Continued over page

Page ONE continued

Pic 4;

Miranda sips her champagne meditatively.

MIRANDA; GET THE FRENCHMAN ON THE NEXT FLIGHT OUT OF
PARIS. HE'LL WANT THIS.

FROM PHONE; WE SHOULDN'T TASK A TEAM?

MIRANDA; WE TRIED THAT ONCE. WELFARE CREATES TOO
MUCH CONFUSION. WE LOST FIVE MEMBERS OF
THE LAST TEAM WE ASSEMBLED TO TAKE HIM
DOWN.

MIRANDA; HELL, HE HAD TIME TO PARTIALLY EAT ONE.

Pic 5;

Aleph's jaw drops.

ALEPH; WHAT?

FROM PHONE; OH, DON'T GET EXCITED. IT WAS JUST AN EAR AND A
COUPLE OF FINGERS.

FROM PHONE; AND HE COULDN'T KEEP THE FINGERS DOWN.

PAGE TWO

Pic 1;

Miranda looks out; she's on a South American street, I think. Lots and lots of black and Hispanic people.

MIRANDA; WE'LL GET PEOPLE INTO THE AREA, BUT ONLY THE FRENCHMAN GOES INTO THE INCIDENT ZONE.

MIRANDA; IT'S WHAT HE WANTS, TOO.

MIRANDA; LIONEL WELFARE KIND OF PERSONALLY OFFENDS THE FRENCHMAN.

Pic 2;

Aleph leans back in her chair, exhaling smoke over the video screen. Miranda, on screen, looks like she notices.

ALEPH; THEY'RE BOTH INTO THAT BIOFEEDBACK THING. SUMMONING THE BODY'S POTENTIAL TO DEFEAT PAIN, HEAL WOUNDS, MAXIMISE STRENGTH, ALL THAT.

ALEPH; IT'S HOW THE FRENCHMAN WALKED OUT OF THAT BURNING BUILDING IN LISBON TWO YEARS AGO WITH MARIA SELLAR.

MIRANDA (ON SCREEN); SO THE FRENCHMAN WILL KILL LIONEL WELFARE. I CAN LIVE WITH IT.

Pic 3;

Aleph studies Miranda carefully, smoke wreathing her head.

ALEPH; AND IF HE DOESN'T?

Pic 4;

Miranda takes a swing of champagne.

MIRANDA; SOME KIND OF AIRSTRIKE.

PAGE THREE

Pic 1;

NIGHT. Texas, miles from fucking anywhere, out in the prairie. LIONEL WELFARE is about forty, extremely solidly built, shaven-headed with a well-kept blondish goatee beard, handsome and muscular. He's dressed in military fatigues and flak-jacket, all in a black/white/grey urban camo pattern. He stands under the huge night sky, waiting...

(no dialogue)

Pic 2:

...looking at a research station that looks like an immense granite block sunk into the prairie floor.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

He walks forward towards it, a heavy pistol in his hand.

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

CUT TO; Him pushing a heavy door open, looking inside towards us, night sky behind him.

(no dialogue)

PAGE FOUR

Pic 1:

Inside then, moving silently and carefully through the corridor the doors opened on to.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

Left turn. He moves low and fast, now, gun down at his side, tense and ready.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

But not quite ready enough for this. The left turn brings him face to face with THE FRENCHMAN, standing by a stairwell.

The Frenchman is tall and wiry-slim, wearing black boots and jeans, a black GF-SYMBOL T-SHIRT, and a black leather jacket. His hair is dark and long, his face gaunt and vulpine – I see him as Vincent Cassel, from DOBERMANN and other French films. Young and tricky.

FRENCHMAN;

BON SOIR, BASTARD.

Pic 4;

And the Frenchman punches Wellfare in the face, blasting out a tooth from Wellfare's lower jaw and generally bruising the fuck out of his head. NOTE: EVERY blow struck in this story MUST have a visual consequence afterwards. A bruise, a cut, whatever. Everything leaves a wound.

(no dialogue)

PAGE FIVE

Pic 1;

Wellfare staggers back, stunned, gun loose in his hand.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

Frenchman kicks the gun out of Wellfare's hand, splintering his trigger finger as it snaps in the jerked-away trigger guard.

WELLFARE;

AAAOWWW!

Pic 3;

Wellfare looks at it a second, bent backwards and to the side – fingers are really really not supposed to do that.

WELLFARE;

OW OW **OW**

Pic 4;

The Frenchman brings his foot up to deliver a second kick, to Wellfare's head.

(no dialogue)

PAGE SIX

Pic 1;

Wellfare drives his elbow up into the Frenchman's knee joint.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

Wellfare lashes out with his leg to strike the Frenchman's standing-leg knee.

FRENCHMAN; AAAAAA

Pic 3;

The Frenchman collapses down onto that weakened knee, eyes squeezed shut, his other leg stretched wide away from him.

FRENCHMAN; MERDE

Pic 4;

Wellfare punches down into the Frenchman's head.

FRENCHMAN; EUGH

Pic 5;

The Frenchman punches Wellfare in the testicles. (LETTERER NOTE; NO FULL STOP in following dialogue line)

FRENCHMAN; DEATH TO LE PURPLE-HEADED WOMB BROOM

PAGE SEVEN

Pic 1;

Wellfare backhands the Frenchman, clutching his ruined nuts with the other hand –

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

The Frenchman falls backwards, his lip torn up.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

Wellfare lurches forward, stamping on the Frenchman's guts.

FRENCHMAN;

GGGGHHHHH

Pic 4;

The Frenchman brings his leg up and kicks Wellfare in the back, sending him sprawling forward.

(no dialogue)

Pic 5;

The Frenchman staggers up, twisting around as he rises to face Wellfare, who's on the ground on the face, not quite levering himself up yet.

(no dialogue)

PAGE EIGHT

Pic 1;

A short-bladed black-kevlar punch-dagger (has a grip on it almost like a corkscrew handle, so that your hand grips it to punch) slips from Wellfare's sleeve into his hand.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

The Frenchman drops down and punches Wellfare in the base of his spine, making him arch back and scream to fucking jesus.

WELLFARE; **EEEEEEGGHH**

Pic 3;

X-RAY SHOT: of the Frenchman's hand coming down on the spine – in X-Ray, side-on view, we see Wellfare's spine twisting into a kind of w-shape under the blow. It's really not supposed to look like that.

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

A little vomit spurts from Wellfare's lips as his face contorts in agony.

WELLFARE; HURG

Pic 5;

The Frenchman turns him around, one fist raised to slam into Wellfare's face.

(no dialogue)

PAGE NINE

Pic 1;

And Wellfare slams the punchdagger into The Frenchman's right upper arm.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2

CLOSE-UP VISION: of the black tip of the dagger ripping through muscle fibre and bumping into a bone, cutting a small divot of bone off it.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

The Frenchman falls back on his ass, clutching the dagger left sticking out of his upper arm.

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

Wellfare rises, looming over him, sliding a second punchdagger into his hand.

WELLFARE; YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TRIED TO KILL ME IN
ALGERIA.

WELLFARE; THE FRENCHMAN.

WELLFARE; YOU CAN TAKE A LOT OF PAIN, CAN'T YOU?

Pic 5;

He punches the dagger down into the Frenchman's right thigh. Blood spurts.

(no dialogue)

PAGE TEN

Pic 1;

The Frenchman rips the dagger out of his arm and punches out with it.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

Wellfare is too fast – rips his dagger upwards and punches through the Frenchman's dagger hand, scraping the dagger grip and punching right through skin and bone.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

The Frenchman jabs his right hand's first two fingers into Wellfare's left eye.

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

(small close-up pic) We see the surface of the eye straining for a second against the pressure of the fingers –

(no dialogue)

Pic 5;

And then there's a sudden lumpy spray of blood jumping out of the eye that has the Frenchman's two fingers in there up to the end joints...

(no dialogue)

Pic 6;

The two fingers, twisted into a hook, pull out, with his eyeball in them, trailing nerves, veins, tendons and other such crap.

(no dialogue)

PAGE ELEVEN

Pic 1;

Wellfare rips his dagger out of Frenchman's hand, slashing broadly at him, staggering back and pressing his free hand to the ruined hole where his eye used to be.

WELLFARE;

NNNNAAAAAAAAOOOOOO

Pic 2;

Frenchman picks up the dagger he dropped, blood coursing down his arm.

FRENCHMAN;

THAT'S IT. GO THROUGH YOUR BIOFEEDBACK
PROCESS. SEE IF YOU CAN SHUT **THAT** PAIN NOW,
M. WELLFARE.

Pic 3;

Wellfare lurches away, towards the stairwell, grabbing at the metal bannisters and fencing around it, putting one hand under his clothes for some reason.

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

Frenchman pops the eye into his mouth and throws the dagger.

(no dialogue)

Pic 5;

It sticks into Wellfare's left buttock. He shrieks --

(no dialogue)

PAGE TWELVE

Pic 1;

-- and rips a small gun out from under his clothes, tape still sticking to it
-- it was taped to his chest --

WELFARE; STUPID GODDAMN HORSE-EATING **AMATEUR** --

Pic 2;

The Frenchman gulps, mouth full of eyeball.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

Tears and blood and snot all over his face, he fires into Frenchman's chest.

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

Staggers off down the stairs, stiff-legged and agonised.

VOICE (NO TAIL); OKAY, I'VE WORKED OUT WHY WELFARE'S BEEN
HIRED.

VOICE (NO TAIL); I DON'T LIKE THIS A BIT.

Pic 5;

CUT TO; ALEPH, lit from below by computer green-screen.

ALEPH: THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS OUT THE
SECURITY AT STATIONS LIKE THESE TO PRIVATE
OUTFITS.

ALEPH; SECURITY FOR THIS ONE WENT TO BLUE-TWO
SECURITY. THE RUNNER-UP BIDDER WAS
NAGELMACKER SECURITY.

ALEPH; WHO OWN THE BLIND COMPANY THAT
TRANSFERRED MONEY INTO WELFARE'S ACCOUNT.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Pic 1;

CUT T0: MIRANDA speaking into her phone, apparently at dinner with Ernst Blofeld.

MIRANDA; THEY'RE STAGING A ONE-MAN ATTACK TO GET THE
CONTRACT GIVEN TO THEM?

FROM PHONE; OH, IT'S BETTER THAN THAT. BECAUSE IT'S NOT A
BIOTECH RESEARCH STATION.

FROM PHONE; IT'S A B**IOWAR** RESEARCH STATION.

Pic 2;

CUT T0; The Frenchman clawing at his chest wound, ripping the shirt around the bullet hole, face contorted in pain.

VOICE (NO TAIL); WELFARE WAS HIRED TO GO IN, KILL THE SECURITY
STAFF AND THE ENTIRE SHIFT OF WORKERS...

VOICE (NO TAIL); ...AND THEN SEE OF HE COULDN'T CAUSE AN
OUTBREAK OF SOMETHING SMALL AND NASTY.

Pic 3;

Gets his fingers into the wound, stretching it horribly.

VOICE (NO TAIL); CATASTROPHIC FAILURE OF BLUE-TWO ALLOWS
NAGELMACKER TO RE-BID FOR THIS AND OTHER
LUCRATIVE GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.

VOICE (NO TAIL); AND HEIGHTENED TERRORIST ALERTS ARE ALWAYS
GOOD FOR THE SECURITY BUSINESS.

Pic 4;

Pulls the hot, steaming bullet out of his flesh. Bits of burned skin cling to it.

(no dialogue)

Pic 5;

Closes his fist around it, forcing himself to his feet. He's a mess.

(no dialogue)

PAGE FOURTEEN

Pic 1;

Wellfare is lurching down the stairs, trying to pull the blade out of his arse.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

Frenchman puts his hand on the bannister at the top of the stairwell, looks down –

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

-- and vaults it, hurling himself down the stairwell --

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

-- landing on Wellfare's upper back, knees first.

FRENCHMAN;

CONNARD!

PAGE FIFTEEN

Pic 1

They burst through a set of double-doors into a new corridor, Wellfare sprawling forward, the Frenchman coming behind him frantically trying to stay upright --

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

-- opposite those double-doors is a glass-and-wood door, which they collapse into, shattering it.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

They explode through that door into a storeroom – stacks of scientific glassware on long counters, long rows of folded steel chairs. Door at the far end of the room.

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

Wellfare's small gun clatters away across the tile floor.

(no dialogue)

Pic 5;

The Frenchman comes down on Wellfare and shoves the bullet into Wellfare's blasted eyesocket.

FRENCHMAN;

MY GIFT

PAGE SIXTEEN

Pic 1;

CLOSE-UP SHOT: Jagged bullet rubbing against dangling nerve fibers and ripped arteries...

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

Wellfare screams and punches the Frenchman in the head, punching the guy clean off him.

WELLFARE;

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Pic 3;

Wellfare lands another one on him, driving him back towards a counter with stacked test tubes, beakers etc.

WELLFARE;

HAVE YOU GOT **ANY** IDEA

Pic 4;

Wellfare jumps up to punch down, driving Frenchman's back into the glass, shattering a shitload of it.

WELLFARE;

HOW MUCH

Pic 5;

Wellfare drives his elbow down into the Frenchman's chest wound.

WELLFARE;

THAT **HURTS?**

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PAGE SEVENTEEN

Pic 1;

The Frenchman grins up at Wellfare.

FRENCHMAN; IS IT LIKE HAVING YOUR TESTICLES DRIVEN UP INTO
YOUR LUNGS?

Pic 2;

The Frenchman drives his knee up mightily into Wellfare's crotch, lifting Wellfare bodily off the ground.

WELLFARE; **EEEEEG**

Pic 3;

Wellfare, blood and vomit leaking out of his mouth, eyes bulging, still manages to headbutt the Frenchman back down into the broken glass.

WELLFARE; GAH

FRENCHMAN; **YEEOWWW**

Pic 4;

Wellfare backs off, doubled over. The Frenchman lurches off the counter, the back of his head and neck lacerated, shards of broken glass sticking out of his scalp and back, AND blood dripping down his face from skin torn off his forehead by the headbutt.

(no dialogue)

Pic 5;

The Frenchman snatches up one of the folded chairs; that nasty smile again.

FRENCHMAN; HEH HEH HEH

FRENCHMAN; IT IS LIKE YOUR YANKEE WRESTLING TELEVISION
FOR CHILDREN, HEIN?

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Pic 1;

Wellfare is just straightening up, as the Frenchman rushes him with a folded chair, plainly about to use it as a bat.

WELLFARE; OH, COME **ON**...

Pic 2;

The Frenchman blats him across the chest with the folded chair.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

Wellfare is still standing. He laughs, incredulous.

WELLFARE; COUGH

WELLFARE: WAS THAT IT?

Pic 4;

X-RAY SHOT; Of Wellfare's torso. Intact, relatively.

(no dialogue)

Pic 5;

REPEAT PIC – except that suddenly all his ribs have snapped in two and his breastbone looks like a barcode it's got so many cracks in it.

(no dialogue)

PAGE NINETEEN

Pic 1;

Wellfare claws at his chest suddenly.

WELLFARE;

HURK

Pic 2;

The Frenchman kicks him in the chest, and he goes down backwards.

(no dialogue)

Pic 3;

The Frenchman falls on him, to administer the killing blow.

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

And Wellfare reaches up, grabs the Frenchman by his throat and his guts –

(no dialogue)

Pic 5;

-- and hurls him through the door at the far end of the room.

(no dialogue)

PAGE TWENTY

Pic 1;

The Frenchman crunches through the door and into steel and glass lab equipment on tables scattered around this large room – THE LAB.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

The Frenchman drags himself to his feet as Wellfare rushes in, one arm raised to deliver what will obviously be a lethal blow. They're both a total mess at this point, clothes ripped, skin torn, blood everywhere. Bits of door jut out of the Frenchman's back.

FRENCHMAN; ENOUGH.

Pic 3;

Wellfare throws his punch, crazed with rage.

WELFARE: NOT ENOUGH

WELFARE; UNTIL I'M EATING YOUR GODDAMN **HEART**

Pic 4;

The Frenchman twists and grabs the punching arm as it sails past his head.

(no dialogue)

Pic 5;

The Frenchman raises his leg and gets his foot under the punching arm's armpit. And pulls.

FRENCHMAN; NOT WHAT I MEANT.

FRENCHMAN; MY ENGLISH IS NOT SO GOOD SOMETIMES.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

Pic 1;

The Frenchman rips off Wellfare's arm at the socket.

Disgusting.

Big pic.

(no dialogue)

Pic 2;

The Frenchman stands holding Wellfare's squirting arm like a baseball bat. Wellfare stares at his stump in disbelief.

WELLFARE; NO.

WELLFARE; NAAAH.

WELLFARE; YOU DIDN'T. NO WAY.

Pic 3;

The Frenchman smacks Wellfare to the floor with one powerful swing of his special arm-bat, just smashing him in the face with the wet end so he falls onto his back.

(no dialogue)

Pic 4;

The Frenchman puts his foot on Wellfare's throat, hard, so his mouth flies open to suck in air in reflex.

WELLFARE; GAHG

WELLFARE; NO

WELLFARE;

I DIDN'T MEAN IT

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

Pic 1;

Three page-wide panels of equal size.

The Frenchman shoves the wet end of the arm into Wellfare's open mouth, choking him.

SUPERIMPOSED LETT: ILLUSTRATED BY TOMM COKER

Pic 2;

Wellfare's eyes roll up into his head. Dead as hell.

COLORS BY DAVID BARON * LETTERING BY MIKE
HEISLER * EDITED BY SCOTT DUNBIER

Pic 3;

Pull back, as the Frenchman sits down heavily next to Wellfare's body, the arm still sticking straight up from his mouth.

FRENCHMAN;

AND THAT'S FOR STEALING MY GIRLFRIEND'S BOOK
ON BIOFEEDBACK.

SUPERIMPOSED LETT: CREATED AND WRITTEN BY
WARREN ELLIS

-end